To see vs heere vnarmd. I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sick with-all,
To see great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour sau'd.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder. *Achil.* What?

Ther. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field asking for himselfe. *Achil.* How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that he raues in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why a stalkes vp and downe like a peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostisse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who should say there were witte in this head and twoo'd out: and so there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking, the mans vndone for euer, for if *Hector* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'le breakt himselfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I sayd good morrow *Aiax*: And hee replyes thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man that takes mee for the Generall? Hees growne a very land-fish languagelesse, a monster, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador *Thersites*.

Ther. Who I: why heele answer no body: hee professes not answering, speaking is for beggers: he wearés his tongue in's armes. I will put on his presence, let *Patroclus* make demands to me. You shall see the pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly desire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the valorous *Hector* to come vnarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, sixe or seauen times honour'd Captaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this.

Patro. Ioue blesse great *Aiax*. *Ther.* Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector* to (his tent.

Ther. Hum?

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord. *Ther.* Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by a leuen of the clock it will goe one way or other, howsoeuer he shall pay for me ere hee ha's me. *Patr.* Your answer sir.

Ther. Fare yee well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No: but out of tune thus. What musick will be in him, when *Hector* ha's knockt out his braines, I know not: But I am sure none, vnlesse the fidler *Apollo* get his sinnews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let mee beare another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled, like a fountaine stird,
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Asse at it; I had rather be a tick in a sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas, at another Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomed the Grecian with torches.

Paris. See ho? who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to ly long
As your prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly businesse,
Should rob my bedmate of my company.

Dio. That's my minde too? good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Paris. A valiant Greeke *Æneas* take his hand.